the creature and its creator by Amarus

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Summary:

A story of how Dan became to be.

[Bitterly Broken]

((the major character death is Danny, bc we live in the canon universe. this is just my kinky, badwrong take on what happened between the ten years between Dan's "birth" and then, his imprisonment))

Relationships: Vlad Masters/Dan Phantom
Kudos: 50

Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> the chapters will gradually become longer; i'll keep Dan's POV (i think) and the rating will go up little by little. i'll put chapter-related warnings into beginning notes (:.

The creation of him was an accident.
He was something gone horribly wrong, something shocking and disturbing. He could taste it in the air, the electric tang of tension, of *fear*.
There was a boy. Black hair, blue eyes, lithe, boyish body stumbled down on the ground before him.
Taking in the huge round eyes and the drain of blood on his face, it felt disturbingly like looking into a mirror in a fun house. They were of the same body, the same mind. But he, he was just a shadow of *him*, his “human side”.
Dan felt a pang of disgust.
When they had sunk the sharp claws into him and ripped him out despite the anguishing pain it created, he had been angry. He had been used and disregarded often enough, the Fenton's distaste and resentment against the Phantom putting him down so that he had never attempted to rose to the surface. He was a *drag* unless Fenton needed him for something, unless it was time to ~save the town and its *pitiful* residents again.
He had never attempted to talk to him in more than faint whispers and echoes of feelings, unsure whether that'd trigger unpleasant reaction in the human.
(*There he was unlike Plasmius, who had always used his weak human side to his gain and pleasure. Dan wasn't sure if it was possible to be jealous of yourself. He still was.*)
He had never had a physical body of his own, he thought as he flexed his gloved fingers. Even in Vladimir's body, he had been overshadowed by the man - there were only very few liberties a ghost could take when its DNA was intertwined with human's.
He looked at the boy again.

Daniel.
Daniel Fenton. A silly 14-year-old boy whose laziness killed his whole family and the few people he called his friends. Who got so desperate to run away from the grief and guilt and misery that he was ready to tear himself into two, whose selfishness led to Phantom being ripped out of him. *And not for the first time*, a voice whispered in the back of his head.
(It hurt every time. Every single time, when Fenton's carelessness resulted in his ghost side parting from his body.)
And as he watched, the boy scrambled backwards until his back hit the wall with soft “thud”. Dan sneered. He couldn't believe this boy had been him at some point of his short life. That in the beginning, he had *admired* the human, for having the chance of making friends, of helping people. Now he could see what he really was. A *coward*. Weak, sickly little thing, just as easily broken as a baby bird.
He took a step towards his former host but muffled noise of protest made him halt. Turning slowly around, his red glowing eyes scanned the room.
The source of the noise was easily located. A man, a bit over fourties, with a shaking hand slapped over his mouth, eyes huge as the -probably unconscious- noise drew Dan's attention on him. A smile curled his lips as he gauged the man.
Vladimir Masters. A sad excuse of a respectable human being. Once upon a time, he had been a naïve child, believing in happily-ever-afters and the wrong and the right. None of that was left, though; too long had he bathed in self-pity and twisted, bitter thoughts.
Bitter and sad and so many things Dan could read from his eyes in few seconds, even despite the fear and panic in there.
He was already broken, already used to submitting to the whims of his ghost side, Dan realized as Vlad simply averted any eye contact, seemingly shrinking in his corner. Had it been an easy feat, molding him into what he was today, or was it the causation of Plasmius, he wasn't sure.
But what he was sure of, as he watched the two tremble before him, was that only one of them would be of use to him.

Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

> Chapter warnings: Dan is not reliable narrator. Mention of death and bodily mutilation. Also very light blood play. Non-consensual kiss.

The first thing he rejected was the name. Not the Phantom, since he and Phantom were one, but the lousy first name. It wasn't his, and therefore he refused to use it; he needed no connection to the life he had had before.
Daniel Phantom, he thought with resentment. He *would* call it his birth name, but monstrous creations like him aren't given birth to.
Monsters like him are products of years of festering, of hurt and pain and sorrow. They're created with every bitter thought, with every venomous drop of hate, with every obsession, vice and guilt humans carry inside.
The day he was "created", he supposed he was a monster. He was aware enough of himself, of the past and the present and what was healthy and what was not. Vladimir's and Daniel's reactions just further proved this.
He *knew* it the moment he laid his gaze upon Fenton's delicate, shivery frame and got this burning hot urge to destroy the boy, to break him in half and taste his blood, to hear him scream, and he confirmed it in seconds by doing what his hand itched to do, easing the flames inside him with a shower blood.

He was glad he spared Vladimir.
When he smeared Danny's blood on the man's pale skin, leaving a trail of hand prints in his wake as an evidence of his touch, Vlad let out the most delicious whimpers. He heaved and shook, the mantra of Daniel's name almost incomprehensible as it left his numb lips between the breathless sobs.
When Fenton had cried, Dan took no pleasure in his blotched red face and runny nose. But Vlad?
Dan thought that maybe this was what they meant with the word "beautiful". Stark red against the silky white of Vladimir's hair, his eyes bright and shiny as fat tears slid down his cheeks.

“Shhhhhh…” he shushed in a slightly mocking tone, his lips pursed as his blood-slick hand slid against his cheek to his nape, leaving stripe of color in its wake. The gesture was empty of feeling - he was incapable of providing him comfort and where he should feel compassion or pity, he felt nothing. It didn't bother him, especially as the man shuddered under his touch.

He rather enjoyed the tears and the breathless sounds Vlad made, and that wasn't the reason he was mimicking the touches his memory told to be of comforting spectrum. What he hoped to accomplish with them was for Vlad to forget the human boy whose corpse was already cooling in a puddle of blood. He was here, his small hands - like a human teen's - drawing flinches and trembles out of his body.

(*It was amazing how alive and responsive he was, his breaths quickening and heart pounding as Dan slipped his hand around his throat, squeezing it gently.*)

He wanted to keep Vlad.

“Don't worry, I'll take care of you…” he cooed, voice a bit husky, his grip tightening a little as Vlad's head twitched like he was going to turn it away. That wouldn't do; he wanted to see his face and all the rich emotions it was expressing.

Running a finger down the curve of his nose, he studied the perfectly formed bones of his face, absent-minded wondering how easily they would break under his hands. Next, his wet thumb swiped against Vlad’s plumper lower lip and the color contrast it created took his breath away and his thumb halted, smearing blood on the corner of his mouth, taking it off as he thought about it. He stared for a second before bringing his hand up again and this time, he deliberately painted Vlad’s upper lip with a coat of cool, sticky blood. It was like bright red lipstick, and Dan couldn't resist pressing his lips against Vlad’s, his forked tongue slipping out to lick it off.

The shaky gasp it drew was just a plus.

A smile came to his lips as he licked them, pressing his lithe body firmer against the man's warm one.

“Welcome to your new home, daddy” he purred.

Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

> Warnings: first time, explicitly noncon blowjob, reversed daddy-kink, threatening, sexualized violence, domestic abuse (since there happens non-sexualized violence), depression mention, biting, explicit mentions of death, kidnapping, implied disordered eating. just… be careful, ye?
> Dan's POV used. Dan is not reliable narrator and i can promise u 100% that everything he does is unhealthy.

Soon enough, Dan figured out that taking care of a human was a burden.
Vladimir had to be fed, bathed, dressed, groomed, since the man had apparently lost all of his energy after the first few days.
Depression, Jazz would say, his mind whispered and Dan sneered. Poor Vladimir was *depressed*.
Dan had no idea how humans had survived this long when things like *feelings* got them unable to function properly.
All he did was either sit in the corner sullenly or cry. No matter how hard he hit him, how many times he told him to stop crying, he never did.
It wouldn't have bothered Dan as much if he hadn't known that those tears were for Danny. That was what made him angry, what made the muffled sobs so infuriating: Danny was dead, he had torn him apart with his *own damn hands*. Why would Vladimir still mourn him when he, Dan, was right here?

One night, Dan had had enough.
If Vladimir had to cry, he might as well cry for Dan. Or scream for him, Dan wasn't picky.
"I want to play, Daddy" he said suddenly, reveling in the way Vlad started at the sound of his voice.

No answer.

"Will you play with me, Daddy?" he asked, tone childish and as

innocent-sounding as he could make it as he scooted closer to the man, reaching out a hand to touch him.
Vlad flinched away, his voice hoarse when he finally spoke up. “I’ve told you not to call me that” and Dan faked a pout.
From the day one, it had been clear that that simple word was the best way to break Vladimir little by little, to have him flinch away or, on the bad days, throw a fit: dad. Daddy. *Father*.
"What’s the matter? Don’t you wanna make me happy, Daddy? Little boys are healthy when they play" he drawled, slipping in Vladimir’s lap.
He fit well, with his sleek and lean body and he ran his palms along the man’s chest.
He could feel ribs through the thin fabric.
"But sick when they don’t know how to stop" Vlad hissed, his body trembling under his hands and his heart beating faster. Such powerful, delicious reactions to a simple touch. Dan hadn't even started yet.
"Now, now, that’s just plain mean, Daddy" he scolded like the roles were switched and it was Vladimir being the naughty child as he popped the first button open. The second. Watching the way Vlad’s lips parted in shuddery inhale, his hands curling into fists on his thighs. He knew the old man was only barely resisting the urge to push him off.
Humans were so simple, having to basic instincts; fight and flee. When they couldn't do either..
"You don’t want to be mean at me, do you?"
Third.
The fourth.
A weak whisper: “Please don’t”
... they became basically helpless, their whole system going haywire.
Fifth and six. Dan pushed the white shirt off Vlad’s shoulders, leaning down to lick his neck, admiring how the muscles tensed against his tongue.
It made him want to bite down until he could taste blood.
"Please don’t what, Daddy? I can’t understand you if you don’t use full sentences" he mumbled against the wet skin. Letting hint of a teeth press against Vlad’s pulse point, and then his tongue so he could feel the thump-thump-thump of his heart.
Moments like these reminded him just how easily he could end Vlad’s miserable life. One simple bite, and the human would be twitching in

a puddle of his own blood, bleeding or drowning or suffocating to death, depending on how sloppily he would bite.
The thought did have its own appeal, and he made a note to himself: in the end, he had to make sure it was him who killed Vlad.
"Please" Vlad's voice broke down, his Adam apple bobbing as he swallowed.

And who was Dan to resist such temptation?

He bit down just above it, teeth sinking into the soft skin and tissue like it was butter and Vlad screamed.
A beautiful sound, hoarse and full of pain.
This was when Vladimir started to struggle against him, his hands scrabbling to push him off, his legs uselessly kicking and heels dragging against the ground.
It was easy pinning him against the wall - after losing his powers and losing his appetite at the same time, Vladimir was already just a ghost - heh - of the man he was before.
The *mighty* Vlad Masters, he mocked in his mind.
His teeth made a wet sound as he retracted them from the wound, admiring his handiwork as Vlad's cries died down to rasping sobs.
"You taste amazing Daddy. So *sweeeet*" he chuckled, hand grabbing at Vladimir's hair and *yanking*, taking good look at his wet eyes and splotchy face.
Hm. He wasn't crying yet. What a disappointment.
"Want to taste?" he asked, leaning closer. It was adorable, really, how Vlad's lips pressed together, his head doing unconscious shaking-movement, like that was going to stop him.
He pressed almost sweet kiss against his shut mouth, before smiling down at him. "Kiss me Daddy" he whispered. When Vlad just defiantly looked away, the smile fell off and Dan's eyes hardened.
Vlad *was* going to play along, whether he wanted to or not. Vlad's left leg was shackled to the bed; he wasn't going anywhere.
Dan tightened his grip even more, to the point where it had to be making Vlad's scalp feel like on fire. "I said, kiss me Daddy" he hissed, his impatience getting the better of him.
And Vlad did, his trembling increasing as he pressed their lips together and Dan didn't waste time before deepening the kiss, aggressively forcing his lips even more apart and plunging his tongue in his mouth. Vlad jumped a little as their tongues touched the first

time, and it required few harsh nips before he started to kiss back.
Soon, Dan pulled away to watch him.
His eyes were watery, filled to the brim with unshed tears. Licking his lips, Dan swept a thumb along his cheekbone.
"Mm.. Will you cry for me? For your good boy?" he purred, slowly, gently grinding down on on him. Making the man gasp and shudder.
"Don't- Don't do that-" Vlad complained, and Dan gave him a mockingly disappointed look, pursing his lips.
Still trying to tell him what to do? Vlad was lucky Dan wasn't the type to get angry easily and mostly found Vladimir's pleas arousing and amusing.
"Come on now, fruitloop-" he didn't have time to finish his sentence. Nothing before had awakened such strong reaction out of the human. Dan was pushed off, his cheek stinging on where he had been hit.
It had been his own fault, he had been lulled in the idea that he wouldn't dare, he hadn't stayed alert, but still the hit awakened the kind of fury inside him he hadn't yet felt.
"Don't ever call me th-!"
Dan backhanded him mid-scream, silencing him well and effectively.
"Good dads *never* hit their boys!" he growled, yanking Vlad's head upright from where it had swung to the side at the force of the hit. He was crying now, but even the tears weren't enough to calm Dan.
"Did you hear me?" he demanded, rivulets of blood falling down the muscled neck as Vlad strained to swallow and nod.
Dan hit him again, this time splitting his lip and bruising his cheek.
"*Did you hear me?*" he practically screamed, the anger fueling him and making his flames grow bigger and his eyes glow redder.
"Y-yes!" Vladimir gasped, and Dan released him, seeming to calm down a little.
"Good"

He didn't feel like playing around anymore. Vlad's thoughtless actions had soured his mood and as he watched him, he thought of what to do. Stopping now wouldn't serve well either of them; Vlad could get an illusion of power, and Dan didn't want to give him that.
On the other hand, he also didn't want to reward him with being too gentle.
Not to mention, with Vlad's lip bleeding like that, it was quite a sight.
Absentmindedly, he pressed at the already-forming bruises hard enough to make Vlad whimper, and Dan found himself wondering

what those lips would look like around his cock. Pleased with this new train of thought, he smiled down at Vladimir, eyes still cold and hard.
He palmed the front of his pants where he was slowly hardening at the thoughts of the things he could do with Vlad.
"Don't look so worried, Daddy. You were a bad, bad man, but it's nothing that can't be taken care of with an apology" he murmured, unzipping his trousers and peeling the black material off, revealing nothing but bare skin.
He gave himself few good tugs, just to make sure he was hard enough to fuck Vladimir's mouth, playing with the head a little as he stepped closer.
Vlad looked positively horrified, his eyes glued to Dan's cock.
Dan wiggled it in front of his face, eyebrows climbing higher as he grinned. "Open up Daddy~"
There was nothing but malicious intent in Dan's eyes as his hand came back down, settling on the top of Vlad's head.
"Oh father, I promise you you'll enjoy this. C'moon" he said again, tapping at the corner of Vlad's mouth with his fingers to encourage him. It was probably that and the promise of pain in his voice that made Vlad cave in, tears rolling freely down his face as he parted his lips.
Unsure of what to expect, he guided himself inside slowly. Inch by inch, the sensations taking him by surprise.
This was *much* better than Dan's awkward fumbling with his own hand - Vlad's mouth was silky and wet and warm around him, making his balls draw up closer to his body already.
He would have to work with his stamina, he thought, before making experimental thrusting motion.
That was even *better*, especially when Vlad tried to pull away and Dan got to keep him in place, watching the way his expression twitched, the way red-tinted drool started to drip down his chin.
Vlad was amazing, swallowing him down like it was no feat at all, his throat working and eyes closed like he wanted to be anywhere but here.
Dan felt himself twitch and grow harder at the sight, and he tried thrusting again. It was clear by the way Vlad didn't even gag as he hit the back of his throat that he was no newbie in the art of fellatio, and Dan's grip tightened in his hair.
Danny? No, the kid was too young and Vlad too of a coward.

Plasmius? .. Despite Plasmius being a part of him now, Dan felt a wave of possessiveness wash over him.
The next thrust was harder, angrier, the snap of his hips sharper.
And that's where he started the quick rhythm, fucking Vlad's mouth with abandon. A part of him wanted to draw it out, to take his time, fuck him until his throat was so sore he could barely swallow but he couldn't; it felt too good, too much, for him to slow down.
When he came, he was incredibly pissed off. Not at Vladimir anymore, no, but at *himself* for not being able to hold it off longer.
In the haze of his orgasm, he almost missed Vlad spitting his come out, and a twinge of annoyance stabbed his gut.
But no. He couldn't seem angry after Vlad had been so good for him; that would send mixed messages. So when he kneeled down, he kissed Vlad in the faux-sweet way he knew hurt the man more than hits could ever, and whispered:
"You made me feel so good Daddy"
Vlad let out a sob, looking like that was the worst thing Dan could ever say.